



# The Story Without Question Marks - A Sequel



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Chapter 1 by Eloise

**please read original story first!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! it is called "The Story Without Exclamation**

Hallo guys!!!

Yas.

Exclamation points are hereby PERMITTED!!!!!!!!!!!!

Except...

Question marks are banned.

NO ASKING QUESTIONS!

You have the answer to questions.

Answers will hereby be answered without using QUESTION MARKS. EVER.

Tough?

Oh. Whoops.

? Is hereby BANNED from EVER appearing in this story!

If you see a draft with a question mark in it, do NOT VOTE FOR IT!!!!

See more of Story Wars

Have I made myself clear?

Whoops!

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Let me just get the question marks out of my system:

[illegible]

?

So many questions, so little time!

Here is where we left off in the previous story.

Anna is the only child left in her town. She was the only person to go to school, taught by the only person who liked her - Gregor. One morning, Gregory goes missing. The townspeople who hate her close in on Anna. But then, a three-year-old boy runs out of the school building.

It's Gregor.

Gregor and Anna escape on a lorry together.

And then...

## What happens?

The question-mark-less sequel arrives!!!!!!!!!!!!

Say farewell, question mark!

?

## Chapter 2 by Comp Som “CS” Anichi



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He was in a dark void, and [REDACTED] light

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And behind him was a locked door. Outside the scope of the spotlight, there were broken bits of glass around the edges. There were powder on some of them, while others had drops of liquids. The glass shards seemed to be part of bottles before they were broken.

*I think I do not know where this is* Gregor thought.

*If the key fits* something whispered.

"I do not know who said that. Please identify yourself." Gregor whipped his head around, looking for the source of the sound. He couldn't find it.

He dropped his head, and turned to pick up a key from the pile instead. "I do not know what these are for or where they are used either. I wish **somebody** would give me a hint." He said aloud.

Nothing answered.

Hmph. The key in his palm was a small golden one, it's thin body worn out from use. The head was shaped as a small circle.

"No use not trying." Gregor said. Standing up, he walks up to the door around him and enters the key.

It fit the key hole.

Suddenly, Gregor hesitated to turn the key.

"I'm shaking right now. I don't know-"

*You never ask for help. I can-*

*No. I can do this alone. I think*

*Can't you-*

*It's too dangerous a project*

*She would-*

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*Lady Wynn would take care of her. She may hate me, but she owes my father*

*Still-*

Gregor was hearing voices now, and his hand shook as if he knew something.

But he didn't.

Then, his hand turned of its own volition.

"Something's happening!" Gregor tried to break his hand free, drop the key, do something! But the key, nevertheless turned in the lock.

Then, it got stuck. The key refused to move any further.

"It wasn't the right one..."Gregor murmured.

Suddenly, the ground shook and Gregor felt wind rising in his back. He turned and let go of the key, which dropped to the ground with a small clatter. The wind blew upwards, bringing along with it the keys and broken glass; as it formed a swirl going up. Gregor's hair whipped back and forth, his blonde bangs falling over his eyes. Gregor backed up against the door as the wind grew more fierce.

Panicked, Greg turned and tried to turn the doorknob, but it was no use. The door was still locked. Greg swore under his breath, and saw the key he just used on the ground. It was useless, he thought, but if it fits, he hoped.

He jammed the key head into the lock and turned it with shaking hands. He desperately shook the key in the lock as the tornado of glass and keys behind him began to aim towards him.

Then, the wind, along with all the glass and keys, lunged towards him.

Gregor screamed, but the key suddenly turned, and he felt and heard the click of the lock being

opened. It was the most beautiful sound he heard as he pulled the door open and jumped through it.

The wind never got a chance to hit him as he closed the door in front of its face.

"Greg!"

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Greg's eyes popped open and the first thing he saw was Anna's face looking at him with a worried expression. It was blurry though, he thought.

"You look blurry." Greg remarked.

"That's because you're crying. Greg, are you-" Anna was interrupted as Greg pushed her away.

He brought up his hand to his face and found that there were tears in his eyes. Also, he was still shaking from that nightmare he just had. Greg felt something on his shoulders, and saw that it was Anna's jacket.

"I think I fell asleep." Greg remarked. Anna nodded, and shifted to sit beside him.

Night time fell already while they were at the Lorry. The only light in the room illuminated the train cart they were in.

"Greg" Anna tried to ask again.

"I'm fine." Greg pulled the jacket closer to him. "Thanks by the way." He motioned to the jacket.

"No problem. The train's going to stop soon. I snooped near the conductor's cart while you were asleep and heard them talking about Kingston Station."

Greg nodded.

They stayed silent for a while after that, until Anna fell asleep.

Greg covered her with the jacket, and tried to address the questions in his head.

About what happened yesterday in town

About what happened at the school

About Anna

About that dream he just had

About that nightmare

He sighed and massaged his head. He thought it futile to continue this when he was as fatigued as this. Gregor settles himself in a comfortable position, hoping tomorrow will bring him

answers.

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